

HISTORIC POEM

DEDICATED TO

OREGON

AT

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

BY

J. C. SNODGRASS.

REVISED EDITION.

CHICAGO:
THE BLAKELY PRINTING COMPANY,
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Share my room and spirit, please,
If your interest and your ease,
Should feel a pathos in my theme,
Anon my glory and my dream.

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HISTORIC POEM DEDICATED TO OREGON.

AT COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Oregon! The land of lure, in Western fame,
And migration's march in former days;
Land of squatters homes and flocks of game,
Where meadows spread in endless ways,
From hill to hill in widening plains,
O, wilderness vast, of grazing fields!
The searching hope of moving trains—
'Tis vision's map—and more revealed.
The exuberant world of pasture feed,
Through perennial season ever found;
And from pinching winter nearly freed,
Where health and vigor may abound.

True Elysian fields of waiting wealth,
The weary pilgrims found at last,
In boon of thrift and mete of health,
So clear of long and freezing blast.
Land of fame in annals true,
Where Pacific tides in thunders roll;
Where mist and fog may oft renew,
And showers that turn to gold.
Favored land in food and clime,
Enriched by nature's generous hand;
In treasured fields and glittering mine,
And metallic beds on every strand.

Enchanting home of romping waters clear,
Of fish and fowl, large and small—
But trout of all's the fisher's cheer,
When hooking twenty at a haul.
Zone of zephyr-breeze and cooling nights—
In summer time of little rain,
When sleep secures its full delights,
Like vernal season—in the main.

Pioneering land of ox and mule—"the plains
across,"
When wary, hostile tribes the route assailed,
And savage look, foretold their love a loss,
And often moved events—so much bewailed.
Early paradise of health and ease,
Where doctor's calls were far between,
And work didn't badly fret or tease,
With chills and fever rare, or never seen.

Land where plain and dale and hill,
With mountain bases gently interblend;
Diversified with trees and dashing rill,
Or denser forest, and larger water trend.
Where mountain lines on either side,
Their varying local fields embrace,
With arching height, and dipping slide,
Where rival brooklets run the noisy race.

Famous land of wealth in flowers,
Fruit of every kind and hue,
Perennial in its floral bowers—
As well as charms of orchard view.
Land with highest medals richly hung,
With Fair records of State and World—
Of cereal wealth in voicing tongue,
Where competing strife proclaims the word.
Here Belshaw's name is justly rich in fame,
Adorned so long with numerous prizes first,

With medals high—attesting to the same—
On labor's bread that God has never cursed;
Through successive years of ten and seven,
In wheat he led competing enterprise,
Of State exhibits, best of earth—or heaven,
And all the grades of winning size.
From Paris, too, he brings our laurels home,
In number full, and e'er of best degree—
Requiting wealth of patient toil his own,
And spread our cereal voice o'er land and sea.

At the Centennial of Philadelphia in 1876,
Oregon took her prizes 34—in entrees 36;
And on fruit, and grass, and wool as well,
She repeats her medals—as Orleans will tell.
Wilkins, too, we all esteem and laud,
For long competing work and zeal,
With others high in merit—broad,
We embalm in memory's grateful seal.
Lane is proud of men—so long in lead,
With substantial products of our soil and
clime—
Sons of Ceres—and faithful to her creed—
Industrial guides in nature's fruitful mine—
Useful, needful heroes of the world,
In toil content, in cheer and thrift secure,
With honor's flag—in motto e'er unfurled,
With royal recompense, and life a happy lure.

Once—Pacific land of homesteads large,
Where adverse thrift, its fortunes might
renew;
Whence the steady move of dry-land barge,
With hopeful passage cargo ever drew.
Home of landscape, in enchanting prime,
Where lofty hills their calm dominion hold—
Save when storm-winds in broken chorus rhyme,
And sweep the forest vista bold;

Where snow records the winter scale,
And robes the hills from day to day;
When Chinook reveals her melting tale,
And spoils the hue of sheets so gay.

But, the gazing millions yet behold,
With eye intent, on scenes of higher aim,
The snowy mounts above the summer mold,
With signal voice of wonder in acclaim.

Proud monarchs of the mountain world!
Hood and Jefferson—thy imperial names,
Or regal Sisters, trinity of the snowy Fates,
And diamond gem, heir of thy royal strain.
Thy glittering domes in stately grandeur rise,
While honor's robes around thee shine;
By rending clouds thy lofty heads are veiled,
And crystal tributes deck thy frigid shrine,
Again—in glow of gorgeous crown,
The muses voice the theme of thy renown.
Cyclopean Giants of my scanning glass,
Thy thrones are safe, from war and creed—
If explosive fire—nor mustard seed,
Should ne'er molest your mighty breed.

Mundane water-gods, of service great,
From whose ample fountains ever flow,
Primeval blood of life—in drinking state,
In myriad streamlets, blessing as they go.
Faithful with thy ample water tanks,
In quenching thirst and cooling air,
So grateful to a world—of drinking ranks—
And nourish life, with never ceasing care.

Hesperian land, of nature's wild domain,
In changes now are everywhere revealed,
In marvels great to all the early dames,
While older maps the new conceals,

No longer oxen draw the family car
To church, or lonesome village store;
No more need neighbors hail afar;
No more of cabins with uneven floor.
No more the plains of hiding grass
For herds both wild and tame;
No longer use the throwing "lass,"
No more the flocks of prairie game—
Except the fowls of many a grade,
That pasture on the farmer's wheat,
And like a rent of truck and trade,
Though often take a shot for meat.

See the maps of fencing now;
The fields a-wave with various grain;
The busy throng with team and plow,
In daily search of thrifty gain.
See the orchards—large and small;
The cottage neat, or mansion grand;
The tasty buildings, low and tall,
And comfort shown on every hand.

Behold the towns and cities multiplied,
With palatial homes 'mid lawn and bower;
With trees and shrubs—and floral pride,
Where home delights each charming hour.
The stately walls of business blocks,
With stores and shops of every kind;
The banks and halls with jingling stocks,
Adorned in costly arts—refined.
See the spiring domes of school and church,
In elaborate art and taste portrayed;
With ardent zeal and rival search—
With professions full, and every trade;
Where culture gives a fostering hand,
And wealth its omens e'er display,
Thrice welcome tributes of demand,
In honor's work and duty's play;

Where students throng diverging lines;
With teachers high in schooling arts;
In graceful haste and eager signs,
Intent—the while, on winning parts.

Streets a-swarm with busy rush;
Wheels a-spin of every shade;
From early dawn to sleeping hush,
Spinning on the stress of trade.
Ease and mirth in pleasing mood,
E'er mingling with the human stage;
The youth and baby wheels a-hum—
Our pleasing views and walks enchant;
Dimpled beauty-cheek and prattling tongue—
Wit and beauty arm in arm—
Graceful maidens—blessed of all—
Nimble as the agile fawn—
We see that urbane manners good,
In "biz" and social graces blend,
And order reigns—as order should,
In thronging scenes of mutual friend.
And emulative nerve of will, and try,
In all the walks and busy ways
Of sexes mixed—with heeding eye,
In daily work, as well as plays.

But, hark, I hear the rending voice of steam;
It tells its wheels and wary men to move—
Aye, and another, louder yet—and shrill,
As if celestial trumpet were at hand.
The factories move in friction chorus light,
While mills in quivering tremor run;
But now I hear a deeper vital throb—
An hydraulic pump of mighty pulse,
That dispenses water pure to faucet touch,
In every house and lawn and barn—
The sewerage—and electric lights
Are in their proper order too.
Now I hear the locomotive roar,

And now I see its flying train;
Its commercial track is ever "warm,"
With palace cars and various freight.
I see the great commercial bull
With speed and length of train,
Shows contrast with our city cars;
But such is Holden's business sense and pluck,
That he's content with smaller honors of rail-
road king,
And keeps his cars upon the move—
In punctual time—of weather fair or foul,
And earns a word of my approving pen.

Eugene's my home and point of view;
'Tis here the schools of State and city cor-
relate,
Where proficiency gets its claim of merit due,
And teachers of best aptitude must congregate.
The University has its yearly endowment;
The geological and mineral cabinets are
replete;
Villard, too, was charitable in classic allowance;
Where astronomical and chemical apparatus
are complete;
The buildings are fine models of art,
With convenient comfort in modern plans—
Grand in location—and roomy lands—
So Eugene is alive in scholastic interest—
Renowned Athens of the Pacific West,
Where I live, and write—and like the best.

Albany I will now salute,
A county seat of good repute;
A model town in all respects;
Its taste and push the eye detects.
She's on the move, and full abreast,
With progress, in its phases best.
In hasty greeting of my friends,

They'll pardon scope of little lens,
While other towns to left and right,
Are heeded in my mental sight.

Of Salem I will next rehearse
And here I might repeat preceding verse;
The rival sisters have each a metallic bridge,
'Cross the big Willamette stream.
Salem's dome of State and seat of Fairs,
May balance or surpass her sister's
Greater railroad boom and buzz;
But the cognate spirit 'tween the two,
Of thrift, and move, and get-ahead,
Is but common to the rival seats.

So here the compromising ladies meet—
While to Salem I tip the by-by,
And move for point of larger size.

The large and wealthy valleys on the south
I'll note in mental ramble o'er the land.
Ashland claims a step or two ahead,
In horticultural show of recent years;
Of her peaches much may well be said,
Where high culture dispels the failing fears.
In other tree and vining fruits of rival boast,
Eugene and Salem are moving with the best,
All blending in the luscious orchard toast,
Of industrial merit with its emulative zest.
And with large and lasting mineral wealth,
Jackson has a thrift and working zeal,
With dryer winters—and peer of all in health,
While pages tell of her progressive weal.
Jacksonville, of course, I note as near,
Yet isolated on the Southern plain;
So she takes her share of honor—dear,
Though off the railroad, with its traffic strain.

The Umpqua Valley is an undulating scene—
A wilderness of hills and narrow dales;

The glens are rich—the mounts in timber screen
Where stock and poultry swell the profit sales.
Roseburg in altitude is safe above the floods,
The prosperous seat of business large,
Without reversive threat or inundating surfs,
With mines at hand, in enterprising charge.

The spacious Alpine country on the east,
I should note in broader view,
With nomadic wealth and fruitage feast,
A climate good—and rabbits plenty too;
Where cattle kings and shepherd lord,
Have watched their herds and flocks,
On broken plains of open sward
And cashed their millions from the stock.

Moving down Willamette's onward flood,
I muse on tribal scenes of home and love;
And nuptial price of chieftain's blood,
In listening guise for message dove.
In limpid stream I try to hear,
A legendary voice of some tribal reign;
Some maid or nymph, in memory's tear,
In song-whisper of her plaintive strain.
But the daring braves I see no more;
Their landmarks, too, are trampled down;
Their tradition's cast in history's store,
And fair Midinia's harp is in the mound.
The scene is closed, the tragedies are o'er.

Portland—the well planted and cultured me-
tropolis of Oregon.
On respective banks of Willamette's crystal
plain.
With enormous railroad trade thy wharves
abound.
Forests of machinery, etc., in halls of magni-
tude,

Colossal buildings of multifarious design;
Stores, hotels, banks, operas, churches.
Princely mansions, school buildings, bridges,
Water, drainage, and lighting systems—
Everything in elaborate style of architecture,
Indicating the basic wealth and trade.

I see electric cars on numerous lines and slopes,
Sweeping miles of track on diverse grade,
With throngs of people on the hasty lope,
As if life depended much upon their trade!
I see majestic boats, in their continuous gleam,
And great ocean ships of sail and steam;
The whistling music tells a business tale,
While echoes heed and chime the hailing wail;
And culture in her voice and raiment chaste,
Is blending with the tripping scenes of haste.

On Portland Heights I stand amazed,
With view so varied, and so grand!
And in pleasing state of passion gaze,
I write a tribute for my Land.
The forest landscape—far and high around,
Hovers in its resplendent hues and gleam,
While Mt. Hood commands the concert ground,
'Mid charms of city, wood and stream.

I gladly join the votive of my State,
In cordial greeting, on Columbia's peace-in-voking stage,
With hailing cheer to every clime and fate,
In welcome grace, to peasant, prince, or sage.
Greatest friendly pageant of the eras,
Where nations meet in mutual faith—
Age of Reason—reign of Ceres,
The races hail thee, face to face.

